# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, AUGUST 26, 1913.


### THE BONE AND SINEW.

In many ways which do not come to the surface South Bend benefits from the large manufacturing industries that have given the city a world wide fame. The operations of these industries are not always heralded. They do not seek publicity concerning the details of their business.

Within the past few months an industry which in other places would have been received with public demonstrations has slipped into South Bend almost unobserved. It is a part of the great automobile business of the Studebaker corporation.

This plant was originally located in Pontiac, Mich. It is now a part of the big Studebaker factory here. At present it occupies temporary quarters, but eventually special buildings must be constructed for its accommodation.

The bodies for Studebaker automobiles are made in South Bend. They are shipped to Detroit, painted, trimmed and complete in every detail. The company finds the change a convenience and an economy facilitating the work of turning out 175 complete automobiles every working day of the week.

It might be idle to indulge in speculations on the significance of this incident, but it certainly has no unwelcome meaning. At least South Bend is reaping the present benefits in increased population, larger payrolls, more mouths to feed, more backs to clothe, more needs to supply.

There are now few vacant modern houses in South Bend, though the building in continuous. The demand for modern office accommodations is steadily increasing as witnessed by the eagerness with which advance leases are being taken in the six story Citizens' National bank building, now in course of erection.

In the business district the merchants are preparing for the larger South Bend and the increased demand it will make upon their facilities for serving the public. The appearance of the business quarter is being enhanced under the promptings of the progressive spirit that animates our business men and which finds its origin in the increased and multiplied industries, and in the growing importance of the city as a trade center for a radius of fifty miles.

The prosperity of South Bend is based on its industries. This fact is understood and appreciated by every intelligent citizen. They are the bone and sinew of the city. Every increase in capacity and output and every addition to the number means more prosperity.

### THE SUNDAY CRUSH.

The impression conveyed by the Monday newspapers is that Sunday is set apart as a day of horrors rather than as a day of religious observance and restfulness.

The railroad crossing reeks with human blood, the lakes and rivers claim their pallid tolls, the city streets and the country roads are dotted with wrecks.

On Sunday, when all the people try to do the same or similar things and each strives to do it first the world seems to be too small for their activities. In their number and eagerness they precipitate conjunctions and take risks quite unusual on any other day.

Sunday has also become the great crime day of the week. Police reports for the day are sensational with records of violence, of human passions unrestrained.

What is the matter with the American Sunday? What has made it a day of excesses and unrestrained freedom of action.

Has Sunday become a popular holiday instead of a christian day of rest and recuperation?

The sane idea of Sabbath observance is as far from the Puritanical conception as from the modern license that is taken with the day. The sane idea contemplates a rational use of the time for the refreshment of the mind and spirit, the relaxation of the nerves and the recuperation of the strength of the body.

Whatever contributes to these ends is now regarded as in accordance with the spirit of the day. But too broad a construction has been placed on this conception. License has supplanted liberty. Sunday has become a day for the culmination of events planned through the week. As when a vacuum is created in the atmosphere there is a common rush of air to the center.

In the rush of railroad trains, trolley cars, automobiles, motorcycles, flying machines and people on foot somebody is bound to be hurt.

### ALONE WITH NATURE.

When last heard from, that Boston artist who had engaged to live for two months in the primitive Maine woods as unaided by civilization as were the first savages had completed successfully the first quarter of his experiment.

Beginning absolutely naked, he had learned to encase his legs with a matting of woven rushes, to protect them from nettles, thistles and thorns; he had impounded a number of luscious trout in a small, shallow pool, whence he could take them as his need impelle; he had managed by friction to kindle a fire, had built a lean-to dry enough to shelter his couch of moss and closely woven enough to keep out the chill night wind, and was on the way to trap animals for food and furs, while according to his testimony, written with charcoal on birch bark tablets, he had suffered no injury to his health or strength and after the first day or two felt no serious inconvenience.

Thus far, fine; and as the test is to las only during the gracious summer time, beyond the season of the most troublesome mosquitoes and black flies, he may emerge with his promise kept and with a feat to his credit as daring as it is unprecedented.

But still the question will remain—is civilized man, soft with modern refinements, the equal for animal efficiency of the cave man when thrust bare in the heart of a wilderness, away from all the helps which civilization has brought with it as his heritage? If the test were ot the self-imposed fancy of a summer vacation but the stern one of a permanent necessity, would the modern meet it as adquately as did the ancient or would he weaken and fail?

Artist Knowles may think that he is sufficiently a convincing answer to this query, an answer in the affirmative; but do you agree with him?

### THE OTHER SIDE.

There's another side to the story of the blue-eyed young woman who, in New York the other day, after a fruitless quest for honest work, hungry, penniless, discouraged and thinking that only in death lay the alternative to earning ease by shame, swallowed poison but was discovered in time.

A side that helps mightily to take the bad taste of the incident out of the mouth; which shows that even in our busy, cruel cities human hearts are warm and good surpasses evil.

All day long the hospital where she lay was beseiged by well dressed women who called to offer help. The mails, too, bore many messages of good cheer. The cop who picked the poor girl up and the hospital doctors and nurses chipped in to a generous relief fund and the big city, previously so callous, seemed as if by a miracle to become all at once merciful and kind.

What wrought the change was that magic of democracy, publicity. Folks hadn't been cold or heartless at all. They didn't know. They hadn'e understood.

How to know is the problem of the city. It is the tragedy of the big town that kind souls who would gladly help, whose hearts are as hungry to show the human impulses as other hearts are hungry to receive them, are unable because they don't know.

Hasten the social center!

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John D. told the deaf mutes of Cleveland that the sign language is beautiful and that he wished he understood it. Which is our idea of saying something to keep up the conversation.

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The trouble with the Tribune is it works from wrong motives and argues from wrong premises. It does not give the public credit for common honesty and common intelligence.

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In Laporte, it is said, the republicans and progressives may unite on a city ticket. That is what the Tribune said about the vote at the so-called citizens' primary. It "may" be big.

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We marvel that the Tribune has failed to cite the "citizens" movement in Michigan City led by Martin Kreuger. It is so much like the South Bend movement.

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The Tribune seems unable to eliminate the word "failure" from its lexicon. The public has learned to look for it when the Tribune starts something.

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As many people in South Bend have survived the season without seeing a ball game we conclude baseball is an acquired rather than a natural appetite.

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The flag submitted to The Hague peace conference is quite symbolical of present prospects. It typifies the rainbow.

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Kaiser Wilhelm having climbed on the water wagon the breweries of Germany are expected to close. What!

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The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they look like first speed when compared with legislation.

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It is up to McDermott to disprove the charges against him or go back and sit down with Lorimer.

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After the word was passed around the chances of Mr. Place and Mr. Swygart faded.

## Washington News Notes.

BY GILSON GARDNER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26. — The downfall of Huerta's government must be the inevitable result of Pres. Wilson's Mexican policy. Huerta's credit is rapidly drying up. Without money he cannot go on. Foreign governments have shown a disposition to follow the United States in our Mexican policy. We are the large financial interest in Mexico and Great Britain comes next, with France third. Great Britain has practically retracted her recognition of Huerta and our state department is informed that other governments are holding off and their bankers are doing likewise. Thus the pressure of public sentiment is becoming financial pressure and this points to an early end for the nominal presidency of Madero's slayer. The policy of Woodrow Wilson is strongly tending toward a recognition f some constitutional form of government and nothing short of this will satisfy.

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**Big Place for Woman.**

The children's bureau has a new statistician, Helen L. Sumner, who thus becomes one of the highest paid women in the civil service. Miss Sumner is a Wellesley graduate and has a degree of Ph. D. from the University of Wisconsin. She is the author of "The White Slave", "Labor Problems", "History of Women in Industry" and "Industrial Courts in Europe", and is associate editor of the "Documentary History of American Industrial Society".

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**Aristocratic Cattle.**

Among the recent immigrants from Ireland are a bunch of aristocratic Kerry cattle with registered pedigrees. They are stopping at present at Turner, Md., which is the quarantine station for the port of Baltimore. A reception committee has been waiting on them under the auspices of the secretary of agriculture.

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The reason why the industrial commission nominated by Pres. Wilson has not been confirmed is Hoke Smith, senator from Georgia. Hoke is chairman of the committee on education and labor of the senate, to which these nominations were referred. The industrial commission was created during the last congress to study the relations of capital and labor and conditions of industry generally. The Taft appointments were held up, and when Pres. Wilson took office he submitted the names of Frank P. Walsh, of Missouri; Prof. John R. Commons, of Wisconsin; Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, of New York; Frederick A. Delano, of Illinois; Harris Weinstock, of California; S. Thruston Ballard, of Kentucky; John B. Lennon, of Illinois; James O'Connell, of Washington, D. C., and Austin B. Garretson of Iowa.

These nominations were submitted June 26. Sen. Smith is understood to desire the nomination of Charles Simon Barrett of Georgia, president of the National Farmers' union, who was included in the list of Taft nominees, and because Barrett was left out, Sen. Smith is sitting tight on the appointments and refusing to allow them to be confirmed.

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**Good Roads Boom Land.**

B. T. Galloway, assistant secretary of agriculture, says there is nothing like good roads to boom farm lands. He is full of instance to prove it. "In Lee county, Virginia," says the secretary, "I know a farmer who owned a hundred acres who offered to sell for $1,800. In 1908 his road was improved, and though the farmer fought the improvement, he has since refused $3,000 for his farm. A nearby tract of 188 acres sold for $6,000, and after road improvement the same farm was sold for $9,000. In Jackson county, Alabama, the people voted a bond issue of $250,000 for road improvements and the selling value at that time was $6 to $15 an acre, and the selling value is now from $15 to $25 an acre."

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## * LITTLE OLD NEW YORK *

BY NORMAN.

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NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—One stage-struck young man has been cured. He is Jack Rosenthal, small son of J. J. Rosenthal, theatrical man, and Kathryn Osterman, actress.

Miss Osterman took Jack with her on a tour of her vaudeville act, in which she appears with Louis Simon. There is also a midget in the act. One afternoon the midget wanted to go to a ball game in a western city, and he asked Jack to play his part, so he could get off. Jack know the part from watching it, and he was tickled to death to be a real actor.

The midget's part includes some kicking and cuffing, and, just to make a good actor of Jack, nothing was omitted from this feature of his role.

A few days later his father, in New York, got this letter:

"I played the midget's part in ma's sketch today. Black and blue all over. Darn mad, too. Never again! I'm going to be a farmer."

* * *

Taylor Granville played in London for a few weeks this summer. In the Strand one day, he saw a sign: "American Bar." He went inside and asked the barkeeper to mix him a Manhattan cocktail.

While the barkeeper was concocting the drink, Granville looked on in amazement. Finally a glass of pink liquid was set before him.

"Would you drink one of those?" inquired the actor of the barkeeper.

"Sure I would," was the answer. "Why not, sir?"

"Well," said Granville, "you mix up another one and drink it and if you're alive after five minutes I'll drink mine."

* * *

Wilson Mizner is undoubtedly one of the most cautious playwrights in the profession. A woman who collects autographs sent him her album the other day, with the request that he put his name in it. He did, and this is what appeared above the autograph:

"This signature not good in any bank in America or Europe."

## U. S. NEEDS NEW KIND OF MOTHER

RICHMOND, Ind., Aug. 26.—In the opinion of Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith of Cambridge City, prominent over the state in literary work, and former president of the State Federation of Women's clubs, this nation needs a new kind of mother, better teachers, better juiges and better preachers.

**COMES TO SOUTH BEND.**

Miss E. M. Cotter of Toledo, Ohio, head trimmer for The Stein Co., of that city, has resigned her place and has accepted the position of head trimmer of the millinery department of Brandon, Durrel Co.

## THE MELTING POT

AMONG the numerous trials women are called upon to endure and do endure with more or less patience is the man whose occupation compels or permits him to be much about the house.

We have the scriptures and experience for the truth of the saying that it is not good for man to be alone and we understand that in this instance man includes woman.

But there are times and seasons for all things. Custom has ordained that ordinarily man shall be at home at meal times and nights. Housekeeping is based on that hypothesis and is not easily adjustable to any other.

The man about the house at odd times must be exceedingly tactful if he does not make himself a nuisance.

PING Bodie's excuse for missing the ball that let in the winning run, that it was lost in the sun, commands that respect for age so beautifully characteristic of civilized people.

SO many things are attributed to the drouth in Kansas that it might be used to explain the dearth of voters at the near citizens' primary.

"MOST of our amusements," writes a statement of the light cost of living, "consist of 10-cent shows and a bag of popcorn." Which is our idea of extravagance. Patronizing the nickelodeums and cutting out the popcorn would reduce the expenses of this student 65 per cent.

WHEN the Kaiser turned his mustache up all Germany followed his example. But now he has turned his stein down—

**What is Mont's Version?**
(Artie Fishel in Benton Harbor Leader.)

Mortimer Reed returned to South Bend today with a market basket full of the whitefish of commerce to distribute among his friends. Having demonstrated that whitefish are rarely caught with hook and line, we trust Mr. Reed will not attempt to create the impression by word or action that he secured these otherwise than in the usual manner, i.e., at a fish market.

THE plasticity of the law makes it possible to cause wrong to appear right or right to appear wrong under the ingenious, not to say artistic, manipulation of its practitioners. So we may confidently anticipate prolonged proceedings in both the Thaw and Sulzer cases.

**Suffering From Overwork.**
(Logansport Pharos-Reporter.)

Now let all boost for the drinking fountain. For our part we are tired drinking beer.

WE can understand that John D. Rockefeller might see beauty in the sign language and yet not find it more efficient for his purpose than the kind he has used in equipping himself to become one of the world's greatest philanthropists.

**And Fought Them?**
(Fort Wayne News.)

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bowser celebrated their golden wedding anniversary today at their home in East Pontiac street. For the past fifty years Mr. and Mrs. Bowser have met the battles of life together.

"WHY should I worry?" says Harry Thaw, and we confess we see no reason. On the other hand the most of us are not so pleasantly situated.

**An Expensive Luncheon.**
(Jackson Patriot.)

A dainty luncheon was served by the hostess. The guests departed at a late hour leaving Miss Bollinger many beautiful gifts.

**A Few Are Still Groping.**

To the Editor of the Sizzling Caldron:

Was it true that all the newspaper men of South Bend hit the Billy-Sunday-sawdust-trail in May or was it all a dream?

This query is inspired by a perusal of all the recent editorial pages of all the South Bend newspapers.

Inquiringly yours,
DR. CHARLES STOLTZ.

BUT the most needy were cared for.

C. N. F.

# THE RED BUTTON

## A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN



**CHAPTER III.**
**Mrs. Hanska's Story.**

The first was tall and big. But her height was mainly the superb carriage of her shoulders, her size but the ripe roundness of a goddess figure. She was dark; she was young; she was beautiful. At that moment, her face hinted tragedy in every line and color; but at any moment she must have been serious. It could smile only in flashes that face—with its broad serene brow which held its own only by force against floods of dark hair, with its large ripled mouth parting slowly even on her speech. But mainly it was the eyes which gave gravity to her beauty. They were clear and big; they had the rare lift at the inner curve which lends an appearance of frankness and ingenuousness. Beyond their beauty, however, they had an arresting quality so strong, when she regarded you full-face, as to be poignant. It all lay in her expression of innocence triumphant over experience, of sincerity triumphant over many lies. Rosalie LeGrange, connoiseur of her sex, sat regarding her spellbound.

The second woman—in fact she was little more than a girl—had everything which the other had not; she seemed but the illuminated shadow of her who called herself Mrs. Hanska. She was slender, blonde and fragile—her quality was elfin. Rosalie could spare her but a glance.

"I am Mrs. Hanska, widow of the man who was killed last night," said the taller woman; and she hesitated.

It was not the custom of Inspector Martin McGee to rise when women entered his office in the role of the accused or of witnesses. A little brutality, of attitude, he felt, put them in a meek and humble mood for the subsequent third degree proceedings. But this woman—or was it the respected presence of Rosalie Le Grange?—drew him to his feet.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

"Thank you. May I introduce Miss Elizabeth Lane? She is here to cerify what I have to say." All this with perfect simplicity. Her eyes traveled then, with a quick glance of inquiry, to Rosalie Le Grange.

"This," said the inspector, taking his cue at a quick prod from Rosalie's foot, "is Mrs. Le Grange. She is the lady who came into the house right after the—accident—and took the boarders over to her place for the night. She's kept them there ever since. She was just telling me what she knew. Maybe you'd like to hear it."

With her beautiful seriousness, Mrs. Hanska considered Inspector McGee's words, considered the situation, considered Rosalie Le Grange. Never had Rosalie presented more convincingly the appearance of simple, placid, bourgeois respectability. Not the quiver of an eyelash, not the flash of a dimple—quiet-eyed she gave Mrs. Hanska glance for glance.

"I should like very much to hear it," said Mrs. Hanska earnestly.

"But maybe you want to be alone just at first," interposed Rosalie, making a pretense of rising.

"No—there is nothing secret," replied Mrs. Hanska. "I see no reason why you should not stay. Indeed you may be able to help us." She trained her look steadily upon Rosalie Le Grange. Rosalie, with all the gravity of this world in her brows, looked back. Something unseen of Martin McGee passed between them. Women have with women their own ways, unperceived, unweighted, unvalued, by you or me or Martin McGee or any other man who ever lived. In that glance, two currents of fine subconscious emotion had met and fused. Rosalie Le Grange's mind had said: "You marvel, you beauty!" And Constance Hanska's mind had said: "I trust this woman whoever she is."

Now Martin McGee summoned the police stenographer and ordered him to stay within call. Gone from him was the heavy humor of his half-hour with Rosalie. He was the chief—suspicious and brutal.

"I must warn you," he said, "that if you are implicated in this case, anything you say will be used against you at the trial." Generally that sudden statement made women tremble, drew from them a flood of words out of which McGee picked the flotsam and the jetsam of evidence. But Mrs. Hanska did not give even the preliminary frightened start. She only transferred her limpid level gaze from Rosalie's face to Inspector McGee's.

"Oh, of course," she said simply; "I know enough about law to understand that."

But the little blonde spoke now for the first time; and for the first time Rosalie turned her attention from the greater luminary to its satellite. She was a child of whimsy and the sun. Her face ran to tiny points and peaks, her coloring to twinkles of light. Her blue eyes were snapping now as she exclaimed:

"Implicated! You'll have a hard time doing that!" And she gazed truculently at Inspector McGee.

"Please don't, Betsy-Barbara," said Mrs. Hanska with no irritation—merely a plain statement of her desires; "it's this gentleman's duty to warn me, you know."

("Betsy-Barbara—that's a cute name—I bet Mrs. Hanska gave it to her" said the mind of Rosalie Le Grange.)

"It would be impossible to implicate me," pursued Mrs. Hanska. "Dozens of people can testify that I was in Arden, a hundred miles north, last night—that I have not left Arden for more than a month. Perhaps," she continued, checking an unformed sentence on the lips of Inspector McGee, "I had better start at the beginning and tell you all about it."

She was talking "fine," Inspector McGee reflected. Having got her started, his best course was to mollify her until she began to run down.

"That's always best," he said.

"So I should think," replied Mrs. Hanska, "but will they use it all at the trial?"

"Not necessarily," replied Inspector McGee; "we must judge of that." Mrs. Hanska mused another space.

"And the newspapers—"

"They'll get," said McGee, "just what you tell them—no more."

Mrs. Hanska sighed as though one great load, at least, had lifted from her shoulders. And quite simply she began her talk.

"I married Captain Hanska ten years ago—when I was 19. He was nearly 35 then, although he said that he was younger; and he had just come back from Alaska. He said that he got his title in the Bolivian army. I have since had reason to doubt that. He was an engineer by profession. I realize now how little mother and I knew about him. But he was the kind of person who carried everything before him—you deferred to him in those days in spite of your better judgment. And my mother was very trusting. Then, too, Captain Hanska was a very charming man. Afterward, he change—perhaps I need not say anything more—"

During this statement, Betsy-Barbara Lane had been wriggling and bouncing in her chair. "Then I will!" she burst out indignantly. "He was dreadful. He was horrid. He was bad and he always had been bad. And he treated her shamefully. Everybody knows that!"

(To be continued.)



# THE FIR-TREE

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE.
Chapter 1.

Along way off from the sounds of the city and far up on the high hills there once grew a sprightiy fir tree.

He longed to be tall and majestic, like his older brothers. He waited, impatiently, for the day when he might be chosen by the wood cutters as a fit subject for their sharp ax. He wanted to go, as he had seen other fir trees go, down the river on the raft and away, away into the unknown!

"Oh, that I were tall like the others," sighed the little tree.

The birds heard him and begged him to be happy in his freedom and grace!

The wind kissed him and implored him to be satisfied with his beautiful surroundings!

The next year the fir trees near him were cut down and carried off. But he was left!

"Where are they going?" he moaned. "Why don't the woodcutters take me?"

"Rejoice in your youth," said the sunbeams.

When Christmas approached the woodmen came again, looked at the fir tree, approved of its beautiful branches and stalwart trunk.

"Oh, I am so happy," whispered the tree to the wind as it blew by. "I am going to see where all those other happy fir trees went. How glad I am."

But when the ax went into the heart of the proud young tree and he fell with a terrible thud upon the snow-covered ground he had a new and terrible sensation as of fainting.

He quite forget how happy he expected to be, because of his sorrow in leaving the flowers he loved; the grass he had sheltered and the neighboring forest.

When he came to himself he was in the courtyard outside a shop in a big city. A man was saying, "Yes, this tree is just what I want. I will take it." So he was pitched into a wagon and sent out to a beautiful residence. Then he was carried into the house and set in a big barrel.

"What is going to happen now I wonder?" thought the fir.

Soon two smartly dressed maids arrived and commenced putting tinsel and little bags of popcorn and candy and colored ribbon on the branches of the fir.

"Goody, goody," thought the fir. "Now my happy days have come and will last forever. I am going to be dressed up and all the world will look at me and admire me."

All sorts of pretty presents were hung on the tree, too. Then a beautiful gold star was fastened to the tip top of the highest branch; the doors closed and the light turned out. Oh, yes, I forgot to say that heaps of little candles were set in place on the boughs, too.

When it was night a man came in with a torch and lighted all the candles!

In a minute the big doors were thrown open and a host of happy children came rushing in. They were delighted with the tree and the tree laughed, silently, to himself.

"Oh, if the trees of the forest and the birds and the wind could see me now," he proudly said.

(To be Continued.)